1732

BEAUTY:

OR THE

Art of Charming.

A

POEM.

[By Robert Dodsley]

Ce qui me touche en elle, c'eſt ſon ſilence, ſa Modeſtie, ſa Retraite, ſon travail aſſidu, ſon Induſtrie pour les Ouvrages de laine & de broderie, ſon Application a conduire toute la Maiſon de ſon Pere depuis que ſa Mere eſt morte, ſon mepris des vaines parures, l'oubli & l' ignorance meme qui paroit en elle de ſa Beaute. Que je ſerois heureux, ſi je paſſois ma vie avec elle!

TELEMAQUE.

LONDON:

Printed for LAWTON GILLIVER at *Homer*'s *Head* againſt St. *Dunſtan*'s Church in *Flett ſtreet*, MDCCXXXV.

(Price One Shilling.)

(Price One Shilling.)

MDCCXXXV.

Printed for LAWTON GILLIVER at Homer's
Head against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street.

LONDON:

BOEM.

ART of CRITICISM.

OR THE

BEAUTY:

BEAUTY:

OR, THE ART of CHARMING.

WHAT gives the Maiden Bluſh its loveliest Dye,
Charms in a Smile, or wounds us from an Eye,
The Muſe ſhall ſing. Attend and learn, ye Fair,
The Heart of Man reſiſtleſs to enſnare.

O HARTFORD! born with every Female Charm
The Eye to raviſh, or the Heart to warm:
Fair in thy Form, ſtill fairer in thy Mind;
With Beauty Wiſdom; Senſe with Sweetneſs join'd:

Great without Pride, and lovely without Art,
Your Looks Good-nature, Words Good-ſenſe impart.
Thus form'd to charm, O deign to hear the Song,
Whoſe beſt, whoſe ſweeteſt Strains to you belong.

Beauty! Thou ſweet Reformer of Mankind!
Poliſh'd by thee the Clown becomes refin'd;
The Haughty humble, and the Rude well-bred,
The Tim'rous valiant, and the Bold afraid.
Chear'd by thy Smiles the Wretch forgets his Woe,
And from thy Frowns our tendereſt Sorrows flow.
Aw'd in thy Preſence Fops and Smarts forbear,
With Jeſt obſcene to wound the modeſt Ear.
For thee the Warrior bears the rough Campaign,
Nor knows to tremble but at thy Diſdain.
Inſpir'd by thee our latent Worth appears,
A brave Ambition fires our early Years
To riſe in Merit, or polite to ſhine,
And all our greateſt, worthieſt Deeds are Thine.

What is this Beauty? What this wond'rous Pow'r,
Which all Mankind in various Forms adore?
Love ſure an Image paints in every Breaſt,
And each Purſues the Picture there expreſt.

The Fair, the Black, the Brown, all have their Charm,
Their different Beauties different Bofoms warm.
Where lies this Charm? —Alas, not in the Skin;
The Life of Beauty riſes from within;
Flows from the Soul, and animates the Breaſt,
In Words and Actions, Looks and Smiles expreſt.

What gives *Ardelia* that reſiſtleſs Grace?
Nor Roſe nor Lilly's Bloom adorns her Face.
True; but who ſees her ſmile, or hears her ſpeak,
Finds there are Charms that dwell not in the Cheek.
While ſee *Lavinia*: there the ſparkling Eye,
The Roſe and Lilly in their faireſt Die,
With all the Charms of Face and Shape unite,
In vain: her Affectation ſpoils them quite.
And who but ſees or hears her one half Hour,
Finds Red and White are but of feeble Power.

Learn then this Truth, of Conſequence to know,
Good-ſenſe will give the homelieſt Face to glow;
To glow with Charms intrinſically bright,
Fair to the Mind, tho' homely to the Sight.
Without it *Cloe*'s Lip, young *Flora*'s Cheek,
And *Celia*'s Eye, in vain Admirers ſeek:

Without it fair *Calista* long has mourn'd
A Maid, ſtill wond'ring why her Charms are ſcorn'd.
Whence but from want of This to guide aright,
So many ſhock us, aiming to delight.
Titteria thinks to laugh's a Sign of Wit,
Hence every Word is follow'd by a Fit:
Her Face, in which ſome Charms might elſe be ſeen,
Is conſtantly diſtorted with a Grin.

This Indecorum ſage *Prudera* ſees,
And ſtrives with ſtiffen'd Gravity to pleaſe.
In mimick Modeſty demure ſhe ſtands,
Her Apron-ſtrings ſupport her folded Hands.
Nor Smile nor Frown her equal Viſage wears,
Affectedly unmov'd with all ſhe hears.
The fond *Pigmalion* who makes her his Wife,
Muſt beg the Gods to give his Statue Life.

But ſee *Flirtilla*; pretty little Thing!
Always in Action; flutter, dance, and ſing,
Laugh, ogle, ſmile, and bow, and prate, and teaze;
Poor little Poppet how it ſtrives to pleaſe!

And fine *Emilia* too; ſo fair her Form,
That all ſhe ſays, and all ſhe does muſt Charm;

And one would think ſo: But ſo nice her Care
To ſpeak, to move, with a peculiar Air;
So ſoft, ſo languiſhing, ſo neat, ſo prim,
The pretty Fool is ſeen in every Limb.
But ſhun Extreams. *Blowzella* wants no Charm
Of Wit, or Face, the Heart of Man to warm.
But ſhe's ſo over-free, ſo over-plain,
So unpolite, ſo awkward, ſo ungain,
So much above all Thought or Care of Dreſs,
So much a Blowze, ſo very much a *Beſs*,
That did not *William* follow when ſhe goes,
The World might think my Lady, *William*'s Spouſe.
Some hope to charm (forbear the vain Pretence)
With Learning, Wit, and more than common Senſe.
Deep read in Miſtery and holy Writ,
They dearly love to poſe a poor Man's Wit:
Queſtion on Queſtion wildly they propound,
Till, with the World, their giddy Heads turn round.
Study Sir *Iſaac* at the Paſtry School,
And make Mince-Pies by Mathematick Rule.
Know every Art, and every Science teach,
Of nothing ignorant — but how to Stitch.

Forgive the Muſe, who owns the Female Mind
Is doubly fair with Knowledge when refin'd;
Doubly engaging to a Man of Senſe,
She only bids — beware the falſe Pretence.

But various Paſſions Female Minds engage,
Some, ſcorning There, a War with Learning wage:
A modiſh Ignorance with Pride confeſs.
And hate all Arts but the dear Art of Dreſs.
Their Hopes to charm in Paint and Powder lie,
In Gold, in Diamonds, and Embroidery.
Before the Toilet ſit from Morn to Night,
Then riſe from *Betty*'s Hands divinely Bright.
Ah learn, ye Fair, your native Charms to prize!
The more you dreſs, you but the more diſguiſe:
Leave to the Beaus your pretty prinking Art,
Of late ſo zealous to uſurp the Part.

Thus far the Muſe unwilling has purſu'd
A Task ungrateful, but of general Good.
Juſt touch'd your Foibles with a gentle Hand,
Too kind to laſh, too young to reprimand:
Blam'd your wrong Conduct only to excite
To what is really charming, virtuous, right.

But is your Art, ſage Maſter, only taught
From the falſe Conduct, and the vicious Draught?
Are juſt Examples in this Age ſo rare,
As none are found that might engage the Fair?
O yes! from Theſe the Muſe her Precepts draws,
Her Art ſhe borrows hence, and hence her Laws.
Turn then, ye Fair, from Pictures you deſpiſe,
And here with Emulation fix your Eyes.

See lovely *S—ym—r*, charming to the Sight,
Her Face, her Shape, her Smile, Mankind's Delight.
But tho' adorn'd with each external Grace,
Soft blooming Beauty blushing in her Face;
Tho' all the Graces ſparkle in her Eyes;
Tho' Love in Ambuſh on her Boſom lies;
Yet Theſe not half her Charms: her ſnowy Breaſt
Is doubly fair, fair Virtue is its Gueſt.
Good-nature gives her Eyes to ſhine more bright,
The ſweet Complexion of her Soul is white:
White with chaſte Innocence, and Peace ſerene,
And all her Charms are heighten'd from within.

See beauteous *Sh—ſb—ry*, eminently bright,
At once our Admiration and Delight.

An eaſy Smile adorns her lovely Mien;
Gay ſparkling Beauty in her Eyes is ſeen.
But ſearch within: their Charm they borrow thence.
Good-nature forms the Smile, the Look Good-ſenſe.

With Rapture ſee all Nature's Graces meet,
In *R--hm--d*'s beauteous Frame, and ſhine compleat.
Refin'd from Heaven with all that's fair and good;
And warm'd with all the Charms of Fleſh and Blood;
Such melting Sweetneſs, ſuch a Heaven of Love
Again might tempt, but ne'er would yield to Jove.

But ſee, ſuperior to the fineſt Pen,
Q--sb--ry, the Darling both of Gods and Men.
So fair her Mind, her Angel Form ſo bright,
'Tis hard to ſay which gives us moſt delight:
Each heightens each; in both th' engaging Power
So ſweetly mixt, that neither can have more.

But Theſe inimitable: here you view
Th' united Force of Senſe and Beauty too;
Divine Conjunction! and ſupream in each,
All may admire, but few can hope to reach.

And thus the Charms of Feature when combin'd
With Virtue, Senſe, and Beauties of the Mind,

Are

Are lovely then indeed we muſt confeſs,
But 'tis to theſe they owe their Lovelineſs:
And theſe our Art wou'd teach: If bleſt with theſe,
Or Fair, or Brown, you all have Charms to pleaſe.

Has Heaven then to your Form not been ſo kind,
Mourn not the Loſs; adorn your ſelf with Mind.
From thence a Source of various Charms ſhall riſe,
More amiable than Lips, or Cheeks, or Eyes.
What is the blooming Tincture of a Skin,
To Peace of Mind? To Harmony within?
What the bright Sparkling of the fineſt Eye,
To the ſoft Soothing of a calm Reply?
Can Comelineſs of Form, or Shape, or Air,
With Comelineſs of Words and Deeds compare?
No: Thoſe at firſt th' unwary Heart may gain,
But Theſe, Theſe only can that Heart retain.

Florella, bleſt with every outward Grace,
Shape, Air, Complexion, and a beauteous Face,
Had long imperial Tyranny maintain'd
O'er gentle *Damon*, and his Suit diſdain'd.

Vain of her Charms she thought his Heart her own,
Thought Life and Death was in her Smile or Frown;
And oft when tendereſt Words told how he lov'd,
The fair Coquet was but with Laughter mov'd;
Thought his fond Sighs the Tribute of her Beauty,
And all his Love no more than juſt his Duty.
Nor car'd to Pleaſe, nor ſought to heal his Smart,
Fond of the Power to tantalize his Heart.

O what the Pangs which ſlighted Lovers feel,
Thoſe who have felt them only can reveal!
Damon, unable to conceal his Grief,
In Silence and Retirement ſought Relief.
Convers'd no more; refus'd or Food or Reſt,
The ſoft Diſeaſe ſtill growing in his Breaſt.
What ſhall he do? The vain imperious Fair,
Nor hears his Love, nor feels his tender Care.
Regardleſs of his Woe, new Vows receives,
Proud of the Pleaſure, and the Pain ſhe gives.

One Day all penſive leaning on his Arm,
In Fancy fondly viewing every Charm,

Appears

Appears a Sister of the lovely Dame,
His bosom Friend, *Carissa* was her Name.
Carissa, neither blest with Charms of Face,
Nor Shape, nor Air, nor any outward Grace
Yet shines a Beauty, purely from within,
There are the Loves, and there the Graces seen.
Mild as the gentle Breath of blooming *May*,
Sweet as its Flowers, and chearful as its Day.
Yet soft Compassion oft bedew'd her Eyes,
Her Breast at others Grief wou'd heave with Sighs.
No envious Passions mov'd her Hate or Spleen,
Her Heart was friendly, and her Soul serene.
Pleas'd in her self, she seem'd no Care to know,
But the soft Pain of pitying others Woe.

To Her, his well-known Friend, the Youth addrest,
Told all his Grief, his tender Flame confest;
Beg'd her Assistance powerful to perswade,
And move to Pity the relentless Maid.
Griev'd with his Grief, the tender Fair comply'd,
A thousand ways to gain her Sister try'd;

Now urg'd his Worth, and now his Wealth to move,
But more than all the reſt his tender Love.
In vain; the fluttering Beauty ſtill denies,
Nor hears *Cariſſa*'s Words, nor *Damon*'s Sighs.

This when ſhe told, transfix'd with Grief he ſtood,
The ſilent Tears run down a trickling Flood.
Health, Strength, and Beauty, leave his manly Frame,
And ghaſtly Sickneſs, pale and meagre came.
A real Fever now his Veins poſſeſt,
And deeper Anguiſh ſeiz'd upon his Breaſt.
Touch'd to the Soul, *Cariſſa*, tender Maid,
All Means of Comfort and Relief eſſay'd.
Now feeds with flattering Hopes of kind Return,
Now fortifies his Mind againſt her Scorn;
Prepares his Medicines, or directs his Food,
With all the friendly Offices of Good.

Long time he languiſht, but to eaſe her Toil,
Returning Health at length began to ſmile;
And with his Health his Reaſon too Return'd,
No more his Breaſt for vain *Florella* burn'd.

His

His Eyes now open, from blind Paſſion clear,
The Beauties of *Cariſſa* all appear;
Fair to the Mind, agreeable to Sight,
Love, Reaſon, Virtue, in her Cauſe unite.

With ſecret Pleaſure ſhe perceiv'd the Change,
Yet ſuch her Modeſty, ſhe thought it ſtrange:
Unconſcious of the Beauties of her Soul,
She fear'd *Florella*'s Eyes might ſtill controul.
When thus young *Damon*. — "O thou lovely Fair!
"Hear now my Love, and now my Reaſon hear;
"Where has that Love, and where that Reaſon been,
"That thy fair Charms till now were never ſeen?
"Strange Blindneſs! Folly! — O believe it true,
"What Beauty was till now I never knew,
"Nor what was Love. 'Twas Madneſs all-enraging,
"A Mutiny of wild Deſires engaging.
"Here 'tis ſoft Peace, and mutual Joy ſincere,
"Here every Word and every Look endear:
"Beauty, is Harmony in Deed and Thought;
"And Love, true Friendſhip to Perfection brought.

" Come then, my Fair, these tender Vows receive,
" Forget my Folly, and my Love believe:
" Blest in thy Arms my future Days I'll spend,
" Thy Husband, Guardian, Comforter, and Friend.

With blushing Sweetness she receiv'd a Kiss,
Believ'd his Vows, nor long delay'd his Bliss.

14 00 67